

THE
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F E E L I N G.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for F. NEWBERRY, in St.
PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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C H A P. XXIX.

The distresses of a Father.

HARLEY kneeled also at the side of his unfortunate daughter: "Allow me, Sir, said he, to intreat your pardon for one whose offences have been already so signally punished. I know, I feel, that these tears, wrung from the heart of a father, are more dreadful to her than all the punishments your sword could have inflicted; accept the contrition of a child whom heaven has restored to you." "Is she not lost?" answered he, irrecoverably lost? Damnation! a common

mon prostitute to the meanest ruffian!" — "Calmly, my dear Sir, said Harley did you know by what complicated misfortunes she has fallen to that miserable state in which you now behold her, I should have no need of words to excite your compassion. Think, Sir, of what once she was! Would you abandon her to the insults of an unfeeling world, deny her opportunity for penitence, and cut off the little comfort that still remains for your afflictions and her own!" "Speak, said he, addressing himself to his daughter; speak, I will hear thee." — The desperation that supported her was lost; she fell to the ground, and bathed his feet with her tears!

Harley undertook her cause: he related the treacheries to which she had fallen a sacrifice, and again solicited the forgiveness of her father. He looked on her for some time in silence; the pride of a soldier's honour checked for a while the yearnings of his heart: but nature at last prevailed, he fell on her neck, and mingled his tears with hers.

Harley, who discovered from the dress of the stranger that he was just arrived from a journey, begged that they would
both

both remove to his lodgings, till he could procure others for them. Atkins looked at him with some marks of surprise. His daughter now first recovered the power of speech : " Wretch as I am, said she, yet there is some gratitude due to the preserver of your child. See him now before you. To him I owe my life, or at least the comfort of imploring your forgiveness before I die." " Pardon me, young gentleman, said Atkins, I fear my passion wronged you."

" Never, never, Sir, said Harley ; if it had, your reconciliation to your daughter were an attonement a thousand fold." He then repeated his request that he might be allowed to conduct them to his lodgings, to which Mr. Atkins at last consented. He took his daughter's arm, " Come, my Emily, said he, we can never, never recover that happiness we have lost ; but time may teach us to remember our misfortunes with patience."

When they arrived at the house where Harley lodged, he was informed, that the first floor was vacant, and that the gentleman and his daughter might be accommodated there. While he was upon this inquiry, Miss Atkins informed her father

father more particularly what she owed to his benevolence. When he returned into the room where they were, Atkins ran and embraced him; begging him again to forgive the offence he had given him, and made the warmest protestations of gratitude for his favours. We would attempt to describe the joy which Harley felt on this occasion, did it not occur to us, that one half of the world would not understand it though we did; and the other half will, by this time, have understood it without any description at all.

Miss Atkins now retired to her chamber, to take some rest from the violence of these emotions she had suffered. When she was gone, her father, addressing himself to Harley, said, "You have a right, Sir, to be informed of the present situation of one who owes so much to your compassion for his misfortunes. My daughter I find has informed you what that was at the fatal period when they began. Her distresses you have heard, you have pitied as they deserved; mine perhaps I cannot so easily make you acquainted with. You have a feeling heart, Mr. Harley; I bless it that it has saved my child; but you never were a father; a father, torn by that most dreadful of calamities,

lamities, the dishonour of a child he doated on ! You have been already informed of some of the circumstances of her elopement. I was then from home, called by the death of a relation, who, thought he would never advance me a shilling on the utmost exigency in his life-time, left me all the gleanings of his frugality at his death. I would not write this intelligence to my daughter, because I intended to be the bearer of the news myself; and as soon as my business would allow me, I set out on my return, winged with all the haste of paternal affection. I fondly built those schemes of future happiness, which the flattery of present prosperity is ever busy to suggest : my Emily was concerned in them all. As I approached our little dwelling, my heart throbbed with the anticipation of joy and welcome. I imagined the cheering fire, the blissful contentment of a frugal meal, made luxurious by a daughter's smiles : I painted to myself her surprise at the tidings of our new-acquired riches, our fond disputes about the disposal of them.

“ The road was shortened by the dreams of happiness I enjoyed, and it began to be dark as I reached the house : I alighted from my horse, and walked softly
up

up stairs to the room we commonly sat in. I was somewhat disappointed at not finding my daughter there. I rung the bell; her maid appeared, and showed no small signs of wonder at the summons. She blessed herself as she entered the room; I smiled at her surprize. "Where is Miss Emily, Sir?" said she. "Emily!" "Yes, Sir; she has been gone from hence some days, upon receipt of these letters you sent her." "Letters!" said I. "Yes Sir; so she told me, and went off in all haste that very night."

"I stood aghast as she spoke! but was able so far to recollect myself, as to put on the affectation of calmness, and telling her there was certainly some mistake in the affair, desired her to leave me.

"When she was gone, I threw myself into a chair in that state of uncertainty which is of all others the most dreadful. The gay visions I had delighted myself with, vanished in an instant: I was tortured with tracing back the same circle of doubt and disappointment. My head grew dizzy, as I thought: I called the servant again, and asked her a hundred questions to no purpose; there was not room even for conjecture.

"Something

"Something at last arose in my mind, which we call Hope, without knowing what it was. I wished myself deluded by it; but it could not prevail over my returning fears. I rose and walked through the room. My Emily's spinnet stood at the end of it, open, with a book of music folded down at some of my favourite lessons. I touched the keys; there was a vibration in the sound that froze my blood: I looked round, and methought the family-pictures on the walls gazed on me with compassion in their faces. I sat down again with an attempt at more composure; I started at every creaking of the door, and my ears rung with imaginary noises!

"I had not remained long in this situation, when the arrival of a friend, who had accidentally heard of my return, put an end to my doubts, by the recital of my daughter's dishonour. He told me he had his information from a young gentleman, to whom Winbrooke had boasted of his having seduced her.

"I started from my seat, with broken curses on my lips, and without knowing whither I should pursue them, ordered my servant to load my pistols, and saddle

my horses. My friend, however, with great difficulty, persuaded me to compose myself for that night, promising to accompany me on the morrow to Sir George Winbrooke's in quest of his son.

"The morrow came, after a night spent in a state little distant from madness. We went as early as decency would allow to Sir George's: he received me with politeness, and indeed compassion; protested his abhorrence of his son's conduct, and told me that he had set out some days before for London, on which place he had procured a draught for a large sum, on pretence of finishing his travels; but that he had not heard from him since his departure.

"I did not wait for any more, either of information or comfort, but against the united remonstrances of Sir George and my friend set out instantly for London with a frantic uncertainty of purpose; but there all manner of search was in vain. I could trace neither of them any farther than the inn they first put up at on their arrival; and after some days fruitless inquiry, returned home destitute of every little hope that had hitherto supported me. The journies I had made, the rest-

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less nights I had spent, above all, the perturbation of my mind, had the effect which might naturally be expected; a very dangerous fever was the consequence. From this, however, contrary to the expectation of my physicians, I recovered. It was now that I first felt something like calmness of mind; probably from being reduced to a state which could not produce the exertions of anguish or despair. A stupid melancholy settled on my soul; I could endure to live with an apathy of life; at times I forgot my resentment, and wept at the remembrance of my child.

“ Such has been the tenor of my days since that fatal period when these misfortunes began, till yesterday, that I received a letter from a friend in town, acquainting me of her present situation. Could such tales as mine, Mr. Harley, be sometimes suggested to the daughters of levity, did they but know with what anxiety the heart of a parent flutters round the child he loves, they would be less apt to construe into harshness that delicate concern for their conduct, which they often complain of as laying restraint upon things, to the young, they gay, and the thoughtless, seemingly harmless and indifferent. Alas! I fondly imagined that

I needed not even these common cautions! my Emily was the joy of my age, and the pride of my soul!—These things are now no more! they are lost for ever! Her death I could have borne! but the death of her honour has added obloquy and shame to that sorrow which bends my grey hairs to the dust!”

As he spoke these last words his voice trembled in his throat; it was now lost in his tears! He sat with his face half turned from Harley, as if he would have hid the sorrow which he felt. Harley was in the same attitude himself; he durst not meet his eye with a tear; but gathering his stifled breath, “Let me intreat you, Sir, said he, to hope better things. The world is ever tyrannical; it warps our sorrows to edge them with keener affliction: let us not be slaves to the names it affixes to motive or to action. I know an ingenious mind cannot help feeling when they sting: but these are considerations by which it may be overcome; its fantastic ideas vanish as they rise; they teach us—to look beyond it”.

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A FRAGMENT.

Shewing his success with the Baronet.

* * * **T**HE card he received was in the politest stile in which disappointment could be communicated: the baronet "was under a necessity of giving up his application for Mr. Harley, as he was informed, that the lease was engaged for a gentleman who had long served his majesty in another capacity, and whose merit had intitled him to the first lucrative thing that should be vacant." Even Harley himself could not murmur at such a disposal.—"Perhaps, said he to himself, some war-worn officer, who, like poor Atkins, had been neglected from reasons which merited the highest advancement; whose honour could not stoop to solicit the preferment he deserved; perhaps, with a family, taught the principles of delicacy, without the means of supporting it; a wife and children—gracious heaven! whom my wishes would have deprived of bread."—

He was interrupted in his reverie by some one tapping him on the shoulder, and, on turning round, he discovered it

to be the very man who had explained to him the condition of his gay companion at Hyde-Park Corner. "I am glad to see you, Sir, said he; I believe we are fellows in disappointment." Harley stared, and said, that he was at a loss to understand him. "Poh! you need not be so shy, answered the other; every one for himself is but fair, and I had much rather you had got it than the rascally gauger." Harley still protested his ignorance of what he meant. "Why the lease of Bancroft Manor, had not you been applying for it?" "I confess I was, replied Harley; but I cannot conceive how you should be interested in the matter."—"Why, I was making interest for it myself, said he, and I think I had some title: I voted for this same baronet at the last election, and made some of my friends do so too; though I would not have you imagine that I sold my vote; no I scorn it, let me tell you, I scorn it; but I thought as how this man was staunch and true, and I find he is but a double-faced fellow after all, and speechifies in the house for any side he hopes to make most by. Oh! how many fine speeches and squeezings of the hand we had of him on the canvas! "And if I shall ever be so happy as to have an opportunity of serving

ing you——A murrain on the smooth-tongued knave ! and after all to get it for this pimp of a gauger.”——“ The gauger ! there must be some mistake, said Harley ; he writes me, that it was engaged for one whose long services”——“ Services ! interrupted the other ; you shall hear. Services ! Yes, his sister arrived in town a few days ago, and is now sempstress to the baronet. A plague on all rogues ! says honest Sam Wrightson ; I shall but just drink damnation to them to night, in a crown's-worth of Ashley's, and leave London to-morrow by sun-rise.”——“ I shall leave it too,” said Harley ; and he did so accordingly.

In passing through Piccadilly, he had observed on the window of an inn a notification of the departure of a stage-coach for a place in his road homewards ; in the way back to his lodgings he took a seat in it for his return.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXIII.

He leaves London—Characters in a stage-coach.

TH E company in the stage-coach consisted of a grocer and his wife, who were going to pay a visit to some of their country friends; a young officer, who took this way of marching to quarters; a middle-aged gentlewoman, who had been hired as a house-keeper to some family in the country; and an elderly well-looking man, with a remarkably old-fashioned periwig.

Harley, upon entering, discovered but one vacant seat, next the grocer's wife, which, from his natural shyness of temper, he made no scruple to occupy, though he knew that being driven backwards disagreed with him.

Though his inclination to physiognomy had met with some rubs in the metropolis, he had not yet lost his attachment to that science: he set himself therefore to examine the countenances of his companions, as usual. In this indeed he was not long in doubt as to the preference;
for

for besides that the elderly gentleman, who sat opposite to him, had features by nature more expressive of good dispositions, there was something in that periwig we mentioned peculiarly attractive of Harley's regard.

He had not been long employed in these speculations, when he found himself attacked with that faintish sickness, which was the natural consequence of his situation in the coach. The paleness of his countenance was first observed by the house-keeper, who immediately made offer of her smelling-bottle, which Harley however declined, telling at the same time the cause of his uneasiness. The gentleman on the opposite side of the coach now first turned his eye from the side-direction in which it had been fixed, and begged Harley to exchange places with him, expressing his regret that he had not made the proposal before. Harley thanked him; and upon being assured that both seats were alike to him, was about to accept of his offer, when the young gentleman of the sword, putting on an arch look, laid hold of the other's arm, "So, my old boy, said he, I find you have still some youthful blood about you, but, with your leave, I will do myself

self the honour of 'sitting by this lady ;' and took his place accordingly. The grocer stared him as full in the face as his own short neck would allow of ; and his wife, who was a little round-faced woman, with a great deal of colour in her cheeks, drew up at the compliment that was paid her, looking first at the officer, and then at the house-keeper.

This incident was productive of some discourse ; for before, though there was sometimes a cough or a hem from the grocer, and the officer now and then hummed a few notes of a song, there had not a single word passed the lips of any of the company.

Mrs. Grocer observed, how ill-convenient it was for people, who could not be drove backwards, to travel in a stage-coach. This brought on a dissertation on stage-coaches in general, and the pleasure of keeping a chay of one's own ; which led to another, on the great riches of Mr. Deputy Bearskin, who, according to her, had once been of that industrious order of youths who sweep the crossings of the streets for the conveniency of passengers, but, by various fortunate accidents, had now acquired an immense fortune,

tune, and kept his coach and a dozen livery-servants. All this afforded ample fund for conversation, if conversation it might be called, that was carried on solely by the before-mentioned lady, nobody offering to interrupt her, except that the officer sometimes signified his approbation by a variety of oaths, a sort of phraseology he seemed extremely conversant in. She appealed indeed frequently to her husband as to the authenticity of certain facts, which the good man as often protested his entire ignorance of; but as he was always called fool, or something very like it, for his pains, he at last contrived to assist the credit of his wife without prejudice to his conscience, and signified his assent by a noise not unlike the grunting of that animal which in shape and fatness he somewhat resembled.

The house-keeper, and the old gentleman who sat next to Harley, were now observed to be fast asleep; at which the lady, who had been at such pains to entertain them, muttered some words of displeasure, and, upon the officer's whispering to smother the old put, both she and her husband pursed up their mouths into a contemptuous smile. Harley looked sternly on the grocer: "You are come, Sir, said he, to those

those years when you might have learned some reverence for age : as for this young man, who has so lately escaped from the nursery, he may be allowed to divert himself." "Dam'me, Sir, said the officer, do you call me young?" striking up the front of his hat, and stretching forward on his seat, till his face almost touched Harley's. It is possible, however, that he discovered something there which tended to pacify him ; for on the lady's intreating them not to quarrel, he very soon resumed his posture and calmness together, and was rather less profuse of his oaths during the rest of the journey.

It is possible the old gentleman had waked time enough to hear the last part of this discourse ; at least (whether from that cause, or that he too was a physiognomist) he wore a look remarkably complacent to Harley, who, on his part, shewed a particular observance of him : indeed they had soon a better opportunity of making their acquaintance, as the coach arrived that night at the town where the officer's regiment lay, and the places of destination of their other fellow-travellers, it seems, were at no great distance ; for next morning the old gentleman and Harley were the only passengers remaining.

When

When they left the inn in the morning, Harley, pulling out a little pocket-book, began to examine the contents, and make some corrections with a pencil. "This," said he, turning to his companion, "is an amusement I sometimes pass idle hours at an inn with: these are quotations from those humble poets, who trust their fame on the brittle tenure of windows and drinking-glasses." "From our inns, returned the gentleman, a stranger might imagine that we were a nation of poets; machines at least which contained, which the motion of a journey emptied of their contents: is it from the vanity of being thought men of genius, or a mere mechanical imitation of the custom of others, that we are led to scrawl rhyme upon such places?"

"Whether vanity is the cause of our becoming rhymesters or not, answered Harley, it is a pretty certain effect of it. An old man of my acquaintance, who deals in apothegms, used to say, That he had known few men without envy, few wits without ill-nature, and no poet without vanity; and I believe his remark is a pretty just one: vanity has been immemorially the charter of poets. In this the ancients were more honest than we are ;

the old poets frequently make boastful predictions of the immortality their works shall acquire them; ours, in their dedications and prefatory discourses, employ much eloquence to praise their patrons, with much seeming modesty to condemn themselves, or at least to apologize for their productions to the world: but this, in my opinion, is the most assuming manner of the two; for of all the garbs I ever saw pride put on, that of her humility is to me the most disgusting."

"It is natural enough for a poet to be vain, said the stranger: the little worlds which he raises, the inspiration which he claims, may easily be productive of self-importance; though that inspiration is fabulous, it brings on egotism, which is always the parent of vanity."

"It may be supposed, answered Harley, that inspiration of old was an article of religious faith; in modern times it may be translated a propensity to compose; and I believe it is not always most readily found where the poets have fixed its residence, amidst groves and plains, and the scenes of pastoral retirement. The mind may be there unbent from the cares of the world; but it will frequently, at the same

same time, be unnerved from any great exertion: it will feel imperfect ideas which it cannot express, and wander without effort over the regions of reflection."

"There is at least, said the stranger, one advantage in the poetical inclination, that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetical ground, on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart: the causes of human depravity vanish before the romantic enthusiasm he professes; and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate."

"I have always thought so, replied Harley; but this is an argument with the prudent against it: they urge the danger of unfitness for the world."

"I allow it, returned the other; but I believe it is not always rightfully imputed to the bent for poetry: this is only one effect of the common cause.—Jack, says his father, is indeed no scholar; nor could all the drubbings from his master ever bring him one bit forward in his grammar or his syntax: but I intend him

for a merchant.—Allow the same indulgence to Tom.—Tom reads Virgil and Horace when he should be casting accounts ; and but t'other day he pawned his great coat for an edition of Shakespeare.—But Tom would have been as he is, though Virgil and Horace had never been born, though Shakespeare had died a link-boy ; for his nurse will tell you, that when he was a child, he broke his rattle, to discover what it was that sounded within it ; and burnt the sticks of his go-cart, because he liked to see the sparkling of timber in the fire.—It is a sad case ; but what is to be done ?—Why Jack shall grow rich, dine on venison, and drink claret.—Ay, but Tom—Tom shall dine with his brother, when his pride will let him ; at other times, he shall bless God over a half-pint of ale and a Welsh-rabbit ; and both shall go to heaven as they may.—That's a poor prospect for Tom, says the father.—To go to heaven ! I cannot agree with him.”

“ Perhaps, said Harley, we now-a-days discourage the romantic turn a little too much. Our boys are prudent too soon. Mistake me not, I do not mean to blame them for want of levity or dissipation ; but their pleasures are those of hackneyed
vice,

vice, blunted to every finer emotion by the repetition of debauch ; and their desire of pleasure is warped to the desire of wealth as the means of procuring it. The immense riches acquired by individuals has erected a standard of ambition, destructive of private morals, and of public virtue. The weaknesses of vice are left us ; but the most allowable of our failings we are taught to despise. Love, the passion most natural to the sensibility of youth, has lost the plaintive dignity he once possessed, for the unmeaning simper of a dangling coxcomb ; and the only serious concern, that of a dowry, is settled, even among the beardless leaders of the dancing-school. The Frivolous and the Interested (might a satirist say) are the characteristical features of the age ; they are visible even in the essays of our philosophers. They laugh at the pedantry of our fathers, who complained of the times in which they lived ; they are at pains to persuade us how much they were deceived ; they pride themselves in defending things as they find them, and in exploding the barren sounds which had been reared into motives for action. To this their stile is suited ; and the manly tone of reason is exchanged for perpetual efforts at sneer and ridicule. This I hold to be an alarming crisis in the

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corruption of a state ; when not only is virtue declined, and vice prevailing, but when the praises of virtue are forgotten, and the infamy of vice unfelt."

They soon after arrived at the next inn upon the route of the stage-coach, when the stranger told Harley, that his brother's house, to which he was returning, lay at no great distance, and he must therefore unwillingly bid him adieu.

" I should like, said Harley, taking his hand, to have some word to remember so much seeming worth by ; my name is Harley."—" I shall remember it answered the old gentleman, in my prayers ; mine is Silton."

And Silton indeed it was ; Ben Silton himself ! Once more my honoured friend, farewell !—Born to be happy without the world, to that peaceful happiness which the world has not to bestow ! Envy never scowled on thy life, nor hatred smiled on thy grave.

C H A P. XXXIV.

He meets an old acquaintance.

WHEN the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn where he alighted, who offered to accommodate him either with a post chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind : but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately a-foot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his port-manteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take ; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to choose his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked : nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of an inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things
without

without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which therefore he did not always apply to the sense they are commonly understood in.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seemed the fward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of these had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack was rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. Hew as one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastick shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, juttet out where the soldier lay, on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old, said he to himself, but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear these silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked on Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain which he knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on.

on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracts on the opposite side of the road

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack ; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them ; ye not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock ; " I fear, said he, sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." " Father ! said Harley, (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him) how far do you mean to go ?" " But a little way, Sir, returned the other ; and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now : it is just
four

four miles from the height to the village where I am going." "I am going there too, said Harley; we may make the road shorter to one another. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it hardly too; it is a character I have the highest esteem for—I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you in the mean time suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman, said he, you are too good; may heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it, answered Harley, I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore."

"Sir, said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, is not your name Harley?" "It is, replied he; I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours." "You

“ You may well have forgotten my face, said the stranger, it is a long time since you saw it ; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards.” — “ Edwards ! cried Harley. Oh ! heavens ! and sprung to embrace him ; let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often : Edwards ! — I shall never forget that fire-side, round which I have been so happy ! But where, where have you been ? where is Jack ? where is your daughter ? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you ? ” — “ It is a long tale, replied Edwards ; but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

“ When you was at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill : that farm has been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man’s ancestor who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it as they had done, with prudence ; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country ; and the squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he
said,

said, he did not choose to have any farm under 300*l.* a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

“ What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not; there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child: so I even ran the risque, and took the squire’s offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain: the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavourable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession: I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. How-

ever, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts, and saved me from a goal: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

“ Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South-hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went however as far as the gooseberry-bush; that you may remember stood on the left hand of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there: when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he lay down: I whistled, and cried Trusty; he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children.”

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He looked on Harley's face; it was bathed in tears: it was a tale he had been accustomed to think often on; he dropped one tear and no more.

“ Though

“ Though I was poor, continued he, I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent, which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which needed management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably well, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of the peace, and broke all our family happiness again.

“ My son was a remarkable good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day, having sprung a covey of birds in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and seeing the pointer, shot him just as my son approached. The creature fell; my son ran up to him: he died with a complain-

ing sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer ; but flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hand, and with the but-end of it felled him to the ground.

“ He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison ; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter-sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay ; we contrived however to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality : but the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

“ An officer with press orders came down to our county, and having met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, whom he would take care to make it rid of : my son's name was in the justices's list.

“ It was on a Christmas-eve, and the birth day too of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner

inner room; I sat before it in my wicker chair blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight; I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blind-man's buff on that night; and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell; I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children; and an old maid-servant, that had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded: we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; "I shall have you now," said he, and turned about. "Shall you so, master, answered the ruffian who had laid hold of him; we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by."—At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasp-

ing Edwards's sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation.

“ On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of grief and terror.

“ Amongst the gang there was one of a smoother aspect, whom by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot: he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service;

vice ; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair : " My poor infants ! said she, your father is forced from you : who shall now labour for your bread ? or must your mother beg for herself and you ? " I prayed her to be patient ; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him, if I was too old to be accepted of in place of my son ? " Why, I don't know, said he ; you are rather old to be sure, but yet the money may do much. " " I put the money in his hand ; and coming back to my children, " Jack, said I, you are free ; live to give your wife and these little ones bread ; I will go, my child, in your stead : I have but little life to lose, and if I staid, should add one to the wretches you left behind. " " No, replied my son, I am not that coward you imagine me ; heaven forbid, that my father's grey hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home ; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family. " " Jack, said I, I will put an end to this matter : you have never hitherto disobeyed me ; I will not be contradicted in this ; stay at home, I charge you, and for my sake, be kind to my children. "

" Our

" Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we had ever parted: the very press-gang could scarcely keep from tears; but the serjeant who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of making rich at the expence of my conscience.

" Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere, which is not an uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning, till he should learn to speak out as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled

trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his grey beard which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn ! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul ; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg in the service, only to suffer 300 lashes, and be turned out of the regiment ; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I only had 200. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea-port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times : he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt, and after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest.

When

When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold with it : " Take this, said he, my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure." I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long ; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me : — " You are an Englishman," said he, but the Great Spirit has given thee an Indian heart ; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest !" We parted ; and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. It is but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children : it is all the value I put on it. I thank heaven I never was covetous of wealth ; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be contented with my little."

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood for a while looking at him in silence ; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fullness of his heart by a shower of tears, " Edwards, said he, let me hold thee to my bosom ; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured

honoured veteran ! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life, worn out in the service of humanity : call me also your son, and let me cherish you as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy ; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXV.

He misses an old acquaintance.—An Adventure consequent upon it.

WHEN they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked stedfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the road side: "Oh heavens! he cried, what do I see! silent, unroofed, and desolate! Are all thy gay tenants gone; do I hear their hum no more; Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; it is but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing, and its branches filled with little cherubims: that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now ploughed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plow."

"Dear Sir, replied Edwards, perhaps they have left it from choice, and may have got another spot as good." "They cannot, said Harley, they cannot; I shall

shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear; I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again.”

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the fallen pillars of the hut. He was too much intranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know, if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into that condition they now saw it in? “Alack a day! said she, it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, Sir, the squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects”——“What! how! prospects! pulled down! cried Harley.”——“Yes, to be sure, Sir; and the green, where the children used to play, he has
Vol. II. N. ploughed

ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it."——

"Curses on his narrow heart, cried Harley, that could violate a right so sacred ! Heaven blast the wretch !

"And from his derogate body never spring

"A babe to honour him !"——

But I need not, Edwards, I need not, (recovering himself a little) he is cursed enough already : to him the noblest source of happiness is denied ; and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on these mangled limbs that have saved your son and his children !" "If you want any thing with the school-mistress, Sir, said the woman, I can shew you the way to her house." He followed her without knowing whither he went.

They stopped at the door of a snug-looking house, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, with each a supper of bread and milk in their hands. "There, Sir, is the school mistress."—— "Madam, said Harley, was not an old venerable-looking man school-master here some time ago?"

"Yes, Sir, he was; poor man! the loss

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of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean time"—“And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?”——“Ay, Sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw.” “Orphans!” said Harley. “Yes, Sir, of honest credible parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need to remember them.”——“Madam, said Harley, let us never forget we are all relations.” He kissed the children.

“Their father, Sir, continued she, was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes; what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck, and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, Sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses.” “What Edwardses?” cried the old soldier hastily. “The Edwardses of Southhill; and a worthy family they were.”——“Southhill!”

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said

said he in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water, and a smelling-bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, when folding his orphan grand-children in his arms, "Oh! my children, my children! he cried, have I found you thus? My poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought thou shouldst have carried thy father's grey hairs to the grave! And these little ones"—his tears choaked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children.

"My dear old man! said Harley, Providence has sent thee to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you."—"Yes indeed, Sir, answered the boy, father, when he was a dying, bade God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us."—"Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards. "In the Old Church-Yard, replied the woman, hard by his mother."—"I will shew it you, answered the boy; for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came amongst strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church-yard. There

There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters, half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a cyphered R. E. plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright; her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister, said he, that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither."—The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss.

C H A P. XXXVI.

*He returns home.—A description of his
retinue.*

IT was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles.

In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come, with the children, to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl seated on a pillow before him.

With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our
idea

ideas from sounds which folly has invented; Fashion, Bon-ton, and Vertu, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it, is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley: he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an œconomist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards therefore with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of threescore, and was remarkably attentive to his grandchildren: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgment for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings, "Whosoever receiveth any of these children"—said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected
to

to have found him a-bed ; but in this he was mistaken : the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley ; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, expressed his surprise at seeing him so early astir. “ I was thinking of you, said Harley and your children : I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the neighbourhood is now vacant ; if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able in some measure to repay you the notice you took of me when a boy ; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved. Edwards’s tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him.

The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut ; its situation, however, was pleasant, and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley’s family as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work
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in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards's infant grandson, and made a shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand, listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of mercies! I also would thank thee! that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty, and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

A F R A G

A F R A G M E N T.

The Man of Feeling talks of what he does not understand.—An incident.

* * * * * “EDWARDS, said he, I have a proper regard for the prosperity of my country: every native of it appropriates to himself some share of the power, or the fame, which, as a nation, it acquires; but I cannot throw off the man so much, as to rejoice at our conquests in India. You tell me of immense territories subject to the English: I cannot think of their possessions, without being led to enquire, by what right they possess them. They came there as traders, bartering the commodities they brought for others which their purchasers could spare; and however great their profits were, they were then equitable. But what title have the subjects of another kingdom to establish an empire in India? to give laws to a country where the inhabitants received them on the terms of friendly commerce? You say they are happier under our regulations than the tyranny of their own petty princes. I must doubt it, from the conduct of those by whom these regulations
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ons have been made. They have drained the treasuries of Nabobs, who must fill them by oppressing the industry of their subjects. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we consider the motive upon which these gentlemen do not deny their going to India. The fame of conquest, barbarous as that motive is, is but a secondary consideration: there are certain stations in wealth to which the warriors of the East aspire. It is there indeed where the wishes of their friends assign them eminence, where the question of their country is pointed at their return. When shall I see a commander return from India in the pride of honourable poverty?—You describe the victories they have gained; they are sullied by the cause in which they fought: you enumerate the spoils of these victories; they are covered with the blood of the vanquished!

“ Could you tell me of some conqueror giving peace and happiness to the conquered! did he accept the gifts of their princes to use them for the comfort of those whose fathers, sons, or husbands, fell in the battle? did he use his power to gain security and freedom to the regions of oppression and slavery? did he endear the British name by examples of generosity,

sity, which the most depraved are rarely able to resist? did he return with the consciousness of duty discharged to his country, and humanity to his fellow-creatures? did he return with no lace on his coat, no slaves in his retinue, no chariot at his door, and no burgundy at his table?—these were laurels which princes might envy—which an honest man would not condemn!

“Your maxims, Mr. Harley, are certainly right, said Edwards. I am not capable of arguing with you; but I imagine there are great temptations in a great degree of riches, which it is no easy matter to resist: these a poor man like me cannot describe, because he never knew them; and perhaps I have reason to bless God that I never did; for then, it is likely, I should have withstood them no better than my neighbours. For you know, Sir, that it is not the fashion now, as it was in former times, that I have read of in books, when your great generals died so poor, that they did not leave wherewithal to buy them a coffin; and people thought the better of their memories for it: if they did so now-a-days, I question if any body, except yourself, and some few such, would thank them a whit.”

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"I am sorry, replied Harley, that there is so much truth in what you say; but however the general current of opinion may point, the feelings are not yet lost that applaud benevolence, and censure inhumanity. Let us endeavour to strengthen them in ourselves; and we, who live sequestered from the noise of the multitude, have better opportunities of listening undisturbed to their voice."

They now approached the little dwelling of Edwards. A maid-servant, whom he had hired to assist him in caring for his grandchildren, met them a little way from the house: "There is a young lady within with the children," said she. Edwards expressed his surprise at the visit: it was however not the less true; and we mean to account for it.

This young lady then was no other than Miss Walton. She had heard the old man's history from Harley, as we have already related. Curiosity, or some other motive, prompted her to desire to see his grandchildren: this she had an opportunity of gratifying soon, the children, in some of their walks, having strolled as far as her father's avenue. She put several questions to both; she was delighted with the sim-

plicity of their answers, and promised, that if they continued to be good children, and do as their grandfather bid them, she would soon see them again, and bring some present or other for their reward. This promise she had performed now : she came attended only by her maid, and brought with her a complete suit of green for the boy, and a chintz gown, and a cap, and a suit ribands, for his sister. She had time enough, with her maid's assistance, to equip them in their new habiliments before Harley and Edwards returned. The boy heard his grandfather's voice, and, with that silent joy which his present finery inspired, ran to the door to meet him ; and putting one hand in his, with the other pointed to his sister, " See, said he, what Miss Walton has brought us."—Edwards gazed on them. Harley fixed his eye on Miss Walton ; her's were turned to the ground ;—in Edwards's there was a beamy moisture.—He folded his hands together—" I cannot speak, young lady, said he, to thank you." Nor could Harley neither. There were a thousand sentiments ;—but they gushed so impetuously on his heart, that he could not utter a syllable. * * * *

C H A P.

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C H A P. XL.

The Man of Feeling jealous.

THE desire of communicating knowledge or intelligence, is an argument with those who hold that man is naturally a social animal. It is indeed one of the earliest propensities we discover; but it may be doubted whether the pleasure (for pleasure there certainly is) arising from it be not often more selfish than social: for we frequently observe the tidings of Ill communicated as eagerly as the annunciation of Good. Is it that we delight in observing the effects of the stronger passions? for we are all philosophers in this respect; and it is perhaps amongst the spectators at Tyburn that the most genuine are to be found:

Was it from this motive that Peter came one morning into his master's room with a meaning face of recital? His master indeed did not at first observe it; for he was sitting, with one shoe buckled, busied in delineating portraits in the fire. "I have brushed these clothes, Sir, as you ordered me."—Harley nodded his head; but Peter observed that his hat

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wanted brushing too : his master nodded again. At last Peter bethought him, that the fire needed stirring ; and, taking up the poker, demolished the turband-head of a Saracen, while his master was seeking out a body for it “ The morning is main cold, Sir,” said Peter. “ Is it ?” said Harley. “ Yes, Sir ; I have been as far as Tom Dowson’s to fetch some barberries he had picked for Mrs. Margery. There was a rare junketing last night at Thomas’s among Sir Harry Benson’s servants : he lay at Squire Walton’s, but he would not suffer his servants to trouble the family ; so, to be sure, they were all at Tom’s, and had a fiddle and a hot supper in the big room where the justices meet about the destroying of hares and partridges, and them things ; and Tom’s eyes looked so red and so bleared when I called him to get the barberries : And I hear as how Sir Harry is going to be married to Miss Walton.”—“ How ! Miss Walton married !” said Harley. “ Why, it may not be true, Sir, for all that ; but Tom’s wife told it me, and to be sure the servants told her, and their master told them, as I guess, Sir ; but it may not be true for all that, as I said before.”—“ Have done with your idle information, said Harley :

—Is

—Is my aunt come down into the parlour to breakfast?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Tell her I'll be with her immediately."—

When Peter was gone, he stood with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the last words of his intelligence vibrating in his ears. "Miss Walton married!" he sighed—and walked down stairs, with his shoe as it was, and the buckle in his hand. His aunt, however, was pretty well accustomed to these appearances of absence; besides, that the natural gravity of her temper, which was commonly called into exertion by the care of her household concerns, was such, as not easily to be discomposed by any circumstance of accidental impropriety. She too had been informed of the intended match between Sir Harry Benson and Miss Walton. "I have been thinking, said she, that they are distant relations; for the great-grandfather of this Sir Harry Benson who was knight of the shire in the reign of Charles the First and one of the cavaliers of those times, was married to a daughter of the Walton family." Harley answered dryly, that it might be so; but that he never troubled himself about these matters. "Indeed, said she, you are to blame, nephew, for not knowing a little more of them: before

I was near your age, I had sewed the pedigree of our family in a set of chair-bottoms, that were made a present of to my grandmother, who was a very notable woman, and had a proper regard for gentility, I'll assure you ; but now-a-days, it is money, not birth, that makes people respected ; the more shame for the times."

Harley was in no very good humour for entering into a discussion of this question ; but he always entertained so much parental respect for his aunt, as to attend to her discourse.

" We blame the pride of the rich, said he ; but are not we ashamed of our poverty ?"

" Why, one would not choose, replied his aunt, to make a much worse figure than one's neighbours ; but, as I was saying before, the times (as my friend Mrs. Dorothy Walton observes) are shamefully degenerated in this respect. There was but the other day, at Mr. Walton's, that fat fellow's daughter, the London Merchant, as he calls himself, though I have heard that he was little better than the keeper of a chandler's shop :—We were leaving the gentlemen to go to tea. She had a hoop forsooth as large and as stiff—
and

and it showed a pair of bandy legs as thick as two.——I was nearer the door by an apron's length, and the pert hussy brushed by me, as who should say, make way for your betters, and with one of her London bobs——but Mrs. Dorothy did not let her pass with it; for all the time of drinking tea, she spoke of the precedency of family, and the disparity there is between people who are come of something, and your mushroom-gentry who wear their coats of arms in their purses."

Her indignation was interrupted by the arrival of her maid with a damask tablecloth, and a set of napkins, from the loom, which had been spun by her mistress's own hand. There was the family crest in each corner, and in the middle a view of the battle of Worcester, where one of her ancestors had been a captain in the king's forces; and, with a sort of poetical license as to perspective, there was seen the Royal Oak, with more wig than leaves on it.

All this the good lady was very copious on and took up the remaining intervals of filling tea, to describe its excellencies to Harley; adding, that she intended
this

this as a present for his wife, when he should get one. He sighed and looked foolish, and commending the serenity of the day, walked out into the garden.

He sat down on a little seat which commanded an extensive prospect round the house. He leaned on his hand, and scored the ground with his stick: "Miss Walton married! said he; but what is that to me? May she be happy! her virtues deserve it; to me her marriage is otherwise indifferent:——I had romantic dreams! they are fled!——it is perfectly indifferent."

Just at that moment he saw a servant, with a knot of ribands in his hat, go into the house. His cheeks grew flushed at the sight! He kept his eye fixed for some time on the door by which he had entered, then starting to his feet, hastily followed him.

When he approached the door of the kitchen where he supposed the man had gone, his heart throbbed so violently, that when he would have called Peter, his voice failed in the attempt. He stood a moment listening in this breathless state of palpitation: Peter came out by chance.

"Did

"Did your honour want any thing?"—

"Where is the servant that came just now from Mr. Walton's?"—"From Mr. Walton's, Sir! there is none of his servants here that I know of."—"Nor of

Sir Harry Benson's?"—He did not wait for an answer; but having by this time observed the hat with its party-coloured ornament hanging on a peg near the door, he pressed forwards into the kitchen, and addressing himself to a stranger whom he saw here, asked him, with no small tremor in his voice, if he had any commands for him? The man looked silly, and said, That he had nothing to trouble his honour with.

"Are not you a servant of Sir Harry Benson's?"—"No, Sir."

"You'll pardon me, young man; I judged by the favour in your hat."

"Sir, I am his majesty's servant, God bless him! and these favours we always wear when we are recruiting."

"Recruiting!" his eyes glistened at the word: he seized the soldier's hand, and shaking it violently, ordered Peter to fetch a bottle of his aunt's best dram. The bottle was brought: "You shall drink the king's health, said Harley, in a bumper."

"The king and your honour."—"Nay, you shall drink the king's health by itself; you may drink mine in another."

Peter

Peter looked in his master's face, and filled with some little reluctance. "Now to your mistress." The man excused himself—"to your mistress! you cannot refuse it." It was Mrs. Margery's best dram! Peter stood with the bottle a little inclined, but not so as to discharge a drop of its contents: "Fill it, Peter, said his master, fill it to the brim." Peter, filled it; and the soldier having named Sukey Simson, dispatched it in a twinkling. "Thou art an honest fellow, said Harley, and I love thee;" and shaking his hand again, desired Peter to make him his guest at dinner; and walked up into his room with a pace much quicker and springy than usual.

This agreeable disappointment however he was not long suffered to felicitate himself upon. The curate happened that day to dine with him: his visits indeed were more properly to the aunt than the nephew; and many of the intelligent ladies in the parish, who, like some very great philosophers, have the happy knack at accounting for every thing, gave out, that there was a particular attachment between them, which wanted only to be matured by some more years of courtship to end in the tenderest connection. In this
conclusion

conclusion indeed, supposing the premises to have been true, they were somewhat justified by the known opinion of the lady, who frequently declared herself a friend to the *etiquette* of former times, when a lover might have sighed seven years at his mistress's feet, before he was allowed the liberty of kissing her hand. It is true Mrs. Margery was now about her grand climacteric; but that is nothing: for it is just the age when we expect to grow younger. But I verily believe there was nothing in the report; the curate's connection was only as a genealogist; for in that science he was no ways inferior to Mrs. Margery herself. He dealt also in the present times; for he was a politician and a news-monger.

He had hardly said grace after dinner, when he told Mrs. Margery, that she might soon expect a pair of white gloves, as Sir Harry Benson, he was very well informed, was just going to be married to Miss Walton. Harley spilt the wine he was carrying to his mouth: he had time however to recollect himself before the curate had finished the different minutiae of his intelligence, and summoning up all the heroism he was master of, filled a bumper and drank to Miss Walton.

“ With

“With all my heart, said the curate, the bride that is to be.” Harley would have said bride too; but the word Bride stuck in his throat. His confusion indeed was manifest: but the curate began to enter on some point of descent with Mrs. Margery, and Harley had very soon after an opportunity of leaving them, while they were deeply engaged in a question, whether the name of some great man in the time of Henry the Seventh was Richard or Humphry.

He did not see his aunt again till supper; the time between he spent in walking, like some troubled ghost, round the place where his treasure lay. He went as far as a little gate, that led into a copse near Mr. Walton’s house, to which that gentleman had been so obliging as to let him have a key. He had just begun to open it, when he saw, on a terrass below, Miss Walton walking with a gentleman in a riding-dress, whom he immediately guessed to be Sir Harry Benson. He stopped of a sudden; his hand shook so much that he could hardly turn the key; he opened the gate however, and advanced a few paces. The lady’s lap dog pricked up its ears, and barked: he stopped again.—

—————“the

———“ the little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see they
bark at me !”

His resolution failed ; he flunk back, and locking the gate as softly as he could, stood on tiptoe looking over the wall till they were gone. At that instant a shepherd blew his horn : the romantic melancholy of the sound quite overcame him !—it was the very note that wanted to be touched—he sighed ! he dropped a tear !—and returned.

At supper his aunt observed that he was duller than usual ; but she did not suspect the cause : indeed it may seem odd that she was the only person in the family who had no suspicion of his attachment to Miss Walton. It was frequently matter of discourse amongst the servants : perhaps her maiden coldness—but these things need not be accounted for.

In a day or two he was so much master of himself as to be able to rhyme upon the subject. The following pastoral he left, some time after, on the handle of a tea-kettle, at a neighbouring house where we were visiting ; and as I filled the teapot after him, I happened to put it in my

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pocket by a similar act of forgetfulness. It is such as might be expected from a man who makes verses for amusement. I am pleased with somewhat of good-nature that runs through it, because I have commonly observed the writers of these complaints bestow some epithets on their lost mistresses rather too harsh for the mere liberty of choice, which led them to prefer another to the poet himself: I do not doubt the vehemence of their passion; but alas! the sensations of love are something more than the returns of gratitude.

LAVINIA.

LAVINIA. A PASTORAL.

WHY steals from my bosom the sigh?
 Why fix'd is my gaze on the ground?
 Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
 To banish my cares with the sound.

Ere now were its notes of accord
 With the smile of the flow'r-footed muse:
 Ah! why by its master implor'd
 Shou'd it now the gay carol refuse?

'Twas taught by LAVINIA's smile
 In the mirth-loving chorus to join:
 Ah me! how unweeting the while!
 LAVINIA——cannot be mine!

Another, more happy, the maid
 By fortune is destin'd to bless——
 Tho' the hope has forsook that betray'd,
 Yet why shou'd I love her the less?

Her beauties are bright as the morn,
With rapture I counted them o'er;
Such virtues these beauties adorn,
I knew her, and prais'd 'em no more.

I term'd her no goddess of love,
I call'd not her beauty divine:
These far other passions may prove,
But they could not be figures of mine.

It ne'er was apparell'd with art,
On words it could never rely;
It reign'd in the throb of my heart,
It spoke in the glance of my eye.

Oh fool! in the circle to shine
That fashion's gay daughters approve,
You must speak as the fashions incline;—
Alas! are there fashions in love?

Yet sure they are simple who prize
The tongue that is smooth to deceive;
Yet sure she had sense to despise
The tinsel that folly may weave.

When

When I talk'd, I have seen her recline
With an aspect so pensively sweet,——
Tho' I spoke what the shepherds opine,
A fop were asham'd to repeat.

She is soft as the dew-drops that fall
From the lip of the sweet-scented pea;
Perhaps, when she smil'd upon all,
I have thought that she smil'd upon me.

But why of her charms should I tell?
Ah me! when her charms have undone!
Yet I love the reflection too well,
The painful reflection to shun.

Ye souls of more delicate kind,
Who feast not on pleasure alone,
Who wear the soft sense of the mind,
To the sons of the world unknown;

Ye know, tho' I cannot express,
Why I foolishly doat on my pain;
Nor will ye believe it the less
That I have not the skill to complain.

I lean on my hand with a sigh,
My friends the soft sadness condemn;
Yet, methinks, tho' I cannot tell why,
I should hate to be merry like them.

When I walk'd in the pride of the dawn,
Methought all the region look'd bright:
Has sweetness forsaken the lawn?
For methinks, I grow sad at the sight.

When I stood by the stream, I have thought
There was mirth in the gurgling sound;
But now 'tis a sorrowful note,
And the banks are all gloomy around!

I have laugh'd at the jest of a friend;
Now they laugh and I know not the cause,
Tho' I seem with my looks to attend,
How silly! I ask what it was!

They sing the sweet song of the May,
They sing it with mirth and with glee;
Sure I once thought the sonnet was gay,
But now 'tis all sadness to me.

Oh! give me the dubious light
That gleams thro' the quivering shade;
Oh! give me the horrors of night
By the gloom and by silence array'd!

Let me walk where the soft-rising wave
Has pictur'd the moon on its breast:
Let me walk where the new-cover'd grave
Allows the pale lover to rest!

When shall I in its peaceable womb
Be laid with my sorrows asleep!
Should Lavinia chance on my tomb——
I could die if I thought she would weep.

Perhaps, if the souls of the just
Revisit these mansions of care,
It may be my favourite trust
To watch o'er the fate of the fair.

Perhaps, the soft thought of her breast
With rapture more favour'd to warm;
Perhaps, if with sorrow oppress'd,
Her sorrow with patience to arm.

Then!

Then! then! in the tenderest part
May I whisper, "Poor COLIN was true;"
And mark if a heave of her heart
The thought of her COLIN pursue.

* * * * *

[At this place had the greatest depredations of the curate begun. There were so very few connected passages of the subsequent chapters remaining, that even the partiality of an editor could not offer them to the public. I discovered, from some scattered sentences, that they were of much the same tenor with those preceding; recitals of little adventures, in which the dispositions of a man, sensible to judge, and still more warm to feel, had room to unfold themselves. Some instruction, and some example, I make no doubt, they contained; but it is likely that many of those whom chance hath led to a perusal of what I have already presented them with, may have read it with little pleasure, and will feel no disappointment from the want of those parts which I have been unable to procure: to such as may have expected the intricacies of a novel, a few incidents in a life undistinguished, except by some features

features of the heart, cannot have afforded much entertainment.

Harley's own story, from the mutilated passages I have mentioned, as well as from some inquiries I was at the trouble of making in the country, I found to be simple to excess. His mistress I could perceive was not married to Sir Harry Benson: but it would seem, by one of the following chapters, which is still entire, that Harley had not profited on the occasion by making any declaration of his own passion, after those of the other had been unsuccessful. The state of his health for some part of this period, appears to have been such as to forbid any thoughts of that kind: he had been seized with a very dangerous fever, caught by attending old Edwards in one of an infectious kind. From this he had recovered but imperfectly, and though he had no formed complaint, his health was manifestly on the decline.

It appears that the sagacity of some friend had at length pointed out to his aunt a cause from which this might be supposed to proceed, to wit, his hopeless love for Miss Walton; for according to the conceptions of the world, the love of a man of Harley's fortune for the heiress
of

of 4000*l.* a year, is indeed desperate. Whether it was so in this case may be gathered from the next chapter, which, with the two following, concluding the performance, have escaped those accidents which were fatal to the rest.]

THE

THE P U P I L. A FRAGMENT.

* * * * “**B**UT as to the higher part of education, Mr. Harley, the culture of the mind ;——let the feelings be awakened, let the heart be but brought forth to its object, placed in the light in which nature would have it stand, and its decisions will ever be just. The world

Will smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
and the youth, who does not suspect its deceit, will be content to smile with it.—
They will put on the most forbidding aspect in nature, and tell him of the beauty of virtue.

I have not, under these grey hairs, forgotten that I was once a young man, warm in the pursuit of pleasure, but meaning to be honest as well as happy. I had ideas of virtue, of honour, of benevolence, which I had never been at the pains to define ; but I felt my bosom heave at the thoughts of them, and I made the most delightful soliloquies——It is impossible, said I, that there can be half so many rogues as they imagine.

“ I

"I travelled, because it is the fashion for young men of my fortune to travel: I had a travelling tutor, which is the fashion too; but my tutor was a gentleman, which it is not always the fashion for tutors to be. His gentility indeed was all he had from his father, whose prodigality had not left him a shilling to support it.

"I have a favour to ask of you, my dear Mountford, said my father, which I will not be refused: You have travelled as has become a man; neither France nor Italy have made any thing of Mountford, which Mountford before he left England would have been ashamed of: my son Edward goes abroad, would you take him under your protection?"—He blushed—my father's face was scarlet—he pressed his hand to his bosom, as if he had said, —my heart does not mean to offend you. Mountford sighed twice—"I am a proud fool, said he, and you will pardon it;—(there he sighed again) I can hear of dependance, since it is dependance on my Sedley."—"Dependance! answered my father; there can be no such word between us; what is there in 9000*l.* a year that should make me unworthy of Mountford's friendship?—They embraced;

braced ; and soon after I set out on my travels, with Mountford for my guardian.

“ We were at Milan, where my father happened to have an Italian friend, to whom he had been of some service in England. The count, for he was of quality, was solicitous to return the obligation, by a particular attention to his son : We lived in his palace, visited with his family, were caressed by his friends, and I began to be so well pleased with my entertainment, that I thought of England as of some foreign country.

“ The count had a son not much older than myself. At that age a friend is an easy acquisition : we were friends the first night of our acquaintance.

“ He introduced me into the company of a set of young gentlemen, whose fortunes gave them the command of pleasure, and whose inclinations incited them to the purchase. After having spent some joyous evenings in their society, it became a sort of habit which I could not miss without uneasiness ; and our meetings, which before were frequent, were now stated and regular.

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Q “ Sometimes,

“ Sometimes, in the pauses of our mirth, gaming was introduced as an amusement: it was an art in which I was a novice; I received instruction, as other novices do, by losing pretty largely to my teachers. Nor was this the only evil which Mountford foresaw would arise from the connection I had formed; but a lecture of four injunctions was not his method of reclaiming. He sometimes asked me questions about the company; but they were such as the curiosity of any indifferent man might have prompted: I told him of their wit, their eloquence, their warmth of friendship, and their sensibility of heart: “ And their honour, said I, laying my hand on my breast, is unquestionable.” Mountford seemed to rejoice at my good fortune, and begged that I would introduce him to their acquaintance. At the next meeting I introduced him accordingly.

“ The conversation was as animated as usual; they displayed all that sprightliness and good humour which my praises had led Mountford to expect; subjects too of sentiment occurred, and their speeches, particularly those of our friend the son of count Respino, glowed with the warmth of honour, and softened into
the

the tendernefs of feeling. Mountford was charmed with his companions ; when we parted he made the higheft eulogiums in their commendation : “ When fhall we fee them again ? ” faid he. I was delighted with the demand, and promifed to reconduct him on the morrow.

“ In going to their place of rendezvous, he took me a little out of the road, to fee, as he told me, the performances of a young ftatuary. When we were near the houfe in which Mountford faid he lived, a boy of about feven years old croffed us in the ftreet. At fight of Mountford he ftopped, and grafping his hand, “ My deareft Sir, faid he my father is likely to do well ; he will live to pray for you, and to blefs you : yes, he will blefs you, though you are an Englifhman, and fome other hard word that the monk talked of this morning which I have forgot, but it meant that you fhould not go to heaven ; but he fhall go to heaven, faid I, for he has faved my father : come and fee him, Sir, that we may be happy.—“ My dear, I am engaged at prefent with this gentleman ”—“ But he fhall come along with you ; he is an Englifhman too, I fancy ; he fhall come and learn how an Englifhman may go to heaven.”—Mountford

ford smiled, and we followed the boy together.

"After crossing the next street, we arrived at the gate of a prison. I seemed surprized at the sight; our little conductor observed it. "Are you afraid, Sir?" said he; I was afraid once too, but my father and mother are here, and I am never afraid when I am with them." He took my hand, and led me through a dark passage that fronted the gate. When we came to a little door at the end, he tapped; a boy still younger than him, opened it to receive us. Mountford entered with a look in which was pictured the benign assurance of a superior being. I followed in silence and amazement.

"On something like a bed, lay a man, with a face seemingly emaciated with sickness, and a look of patient dejection; a bundle of dirty shreds served him for a pillow; but he had a better support—the arm of a female who kneeled beside him, beautiful as an angel, but with a fading languor in her countenance, the still life of melancholy, that seemed to borrow its shade from the object on which she gazed. There was a tear in her eye! the sick man kissed it off in its bud, smiling

smiling through the dimness of his own ! —when she saw Mountford, she crawled forward on the ground and clasped his knees ; he raised her from the floor ; she threw her arms round his neck, and sobbed out a speech of thankfulness, eloquent beyond the power of language.

“ Compose yourself, my love, said the man on the bed ; but he, whose goodness has caused that emotion, will pardon its effects.” —“ How is this, Mountford ? said I ; what do I see ? what must I do ?” —“ You see, replied the stranger, a wretch, sunk in poverty, starving in prison, stretched on a sick bed ! but that is little :—there are his wife and children, wanting the bread which he has not to give them ! Yet you cannot easily imagine the conscious serenity of his mind ; in the gripe of affliction, his heart swells with the pride of virtue ! it can even look down with pity on the man whose cruelty has wrung it almost to bursting. You are, I fancy, a friend of Mr. Mountford’s ; come nearer and I will tell you ; for, short as my story is, I can hardly command breath enough for a recital. The son of count Respino (I started as if I had trod on a viper) has long had a criminal passion for my wife : this her prudence

dence had concealed from me ; but he had lately the boldness to declare it to myself. He promised me affluence in exchange for honour ; and threatened misery as its attendant, if I kept it. I treated him with the contempt he deserved : the consequence was, that he hired a couple of bravoës (for I am persuaded they acted under his direction) who attempted to assassinate me in the street ; but I made such a defence as obliged them to fly, after having given me two or three stabs, none of which however were mortal. But his revenge was not thus to be disappointed : in the little dealings of my trade I had contracted some debts, which he had made himself master of for my ruin ; I was confined here at his suit, when not yet recovered from the wounds I had received ; that dear woman, and these two boys, followed me, that we might starve together ; but providence interposed, and sent Mr. Mountford to our support : he has relieved my family from the gnawings of hunger, and rescued me from death, to which a fever, consequent upon my wounds, and increased by the want of every necessary had nearly reduced me."

" Inhuman

“ Inhuman villain !” I exclaimed, lifting up my eyes to heaven, “ Inhuman indeed ! said the lovely woman who stood at my side : Alas ! Sir, what had we done to offend him ? what had these little ones done, that they should perish in the toils of his vengeance ?”——I reached a pen which stood in an ink-standish at the bedside——“ May I ask what is the amount of the sum for which you are imprisoned ?”——“ I was able, he replied, to pay all but 500 crowns.”——I wrote a draught on the banker with whom I had credit from my father for 2500, and presenting it to the stranger’s wife, “ You will receive, Madam, on presenting this note, a sum more than sufficient for your husband’s discharge ; the remainder I leave for his industry to increase.” I would have left the room : each of them laid hold of one of my hands ; the children clung to my coat :—Oh ! Mr. Harley, methinks I feel their gentle violence at this moment ; it beats here with delight inexpressible ;——“ Stay, Sir, said he, I do not mean attempting to thank you ; (he took a pocket-book from under his pillow) let me but know what name I shall place here next to Mr. Mountford’s ?”——Sedley——he writ it down——“ an Englishman too, I presume.”——“ He shall go
to

to heaven notwithstanding," said the boy who had been our guide. It began to be too much for me ; I squeezed his hand that was clasped in mine ; his wife's I pressed to my lips, and burst from the place to give vent to the feelings that laboured within me.

" Oh ! Mountford !" said I, when he had overtaken me at the door : " It is time, replied he, that we should think of our appointment ; young Respino and his friends are waiting us."—" Damn him, damn him ! said I ; let us leave Milan instantly ; but soft—I will be calm ; Mountford, your pencil." I wrote on a slip of paper,

To Signor Respino,

" When you receive this I am at a distance from Milan. Accept of my thanks for the civilities I have received from you and your family. As to the friendship with which you was pleased to honour me, the prison, which I have just left, has exhibited a scene to cancel it for ever. You may possibly be merry with your companions at my weakness, as I suppose you will term it. I give you leave for derision :

sion: you may affect a triumph; I shall feel it.

EDWARD SEDLEY."

" You may send this if you will, said Mountford coolly; but still Respino is a *man of honour*; the world will continue to call him so."—" It is probable, I answered, they may; I envy not the appellation. If this is the world's honour, if these men are the guides of its manners"—" Tut! said Mountford, do you eat macaroni?"

CHAP.

C H A P. LV.

He sees Miss Walton, and is happy.

HARLEY was one of those few friends whom the malevolence of fortune had yet left me : I could not therefore but be sensibly concerned for his present indisposition ; there seldom passed a day on which I did not make inquiry about him.

The physician who attended him informed me the evening before, that he thought him considerably better than he had been for some time past. I called next morning to be confirmed in a piece of intelligence so welcome to me.

When I entered his apartment, I found him sitting on a couch, leaning on his hand, with his eye turned upwards in the attitude of thoughtful inspiration. His look had always an open benignity, which commanded esteem ; there was now something more—a gentle triumph in it.

He rose, and met me with his usual kindness. When I told him the good accounts I had from his physician, “ I am foolish

foolish enough, said he, to rely but little, in this instance, upon Physic: my presentiment may be false: but I think I feel myself approaching to my end, by steps so easy, that they woo me to approach it.

“ There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time, when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy; nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise.—It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state, which, I have learned to believe, is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life, with the consciousness of few great offences to account for. There are blemishes, I confess, which deform in some degree the picture. But I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favour. My mind expands at the thought I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the
simplicity

simplicity of children." He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen on it.—His eye began to moisten too—we sat for some time silent—At last, with an attempt to a look of more composure, "There are some remembrances (said Harley) which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, which redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them with the tenderest emotion; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in these regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist;—they are called,—perhaps—they are weaknesses here;—but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues." He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading in Miss Walton. "My dear,

dear, says she, here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself." I could observe a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat—"If to know Miss Walton's goodness, said he, be a title to deserve it, I have some claim." She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Mrs. Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. "I believe said he, from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery."—She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him in a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. "I know, said he, that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few.—I would endeavour to make it mine;—nor do I think that I can ever be better prepared for it than now:—It is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach."—"These sentiments, answered Miss Walton, are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that

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life has its proper value. As the province of virtue life is ennobled ; as such, it is to be desired—To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough, even here to fix its attachment."

The subject began to overpower her—Harley lifted his eyes from the ground—"There are, said he in a very low voice, there are attachments, Miss Walton"—His glance met her's—They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn—He paused some moments—"I am in such a state as calls for sincerity, let that also excuse it—It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment, yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections"—He paused again—"Let it not offend you to know their power over one so unworthy—It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime;—if to declare it is one—the expiation will be made."—Her tears were now flowing without controul.—"Let me intreat you, said she, to have better hopes—Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any
value

value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—What would you have me say?—I have loved it as it deserved.”——He seized her hand—a languid colour reddened his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—He sighed, and fell back on his seat.—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—His aunt and the servants rushed into the room—They found them lying motionless together.—His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them—With Miss Walton they succeeded—But Harley was gone for ever!

C H A P. LVI.

The emotions of the heart.

I Entered the room where his body lay I approached it with reverence ; not fear : I looked ; the recollection of the past crowded upon me. I saw that form which, but a little before, was animated with a soul which did honour to humanity, stretched without sense or feeling before me. It is a connection we cannot easily forget :—I took his hand in mine ? I repeated his name involuntarily ;—I felt a pulse in every vein at the sound. I looked earnestly in his face ; his eye was closed, his lip pale and motionless. There is an enthusiasm in sorrow that forgets impossibility ; I wondered that it was so. The sigh drew a prayer from my heart ; it was the voice of frailty and of man ! the confusion of my mind began to subside into thought ; I had time to weep !

I turned, with the last farewell upon my lips, when I observed old Edwards standing behind me. I looked him full in the face ; but his eye was fixed on another object : he pressed between me and the bed, and stood gazing on the breath-
less

less remains of his benefactor. I spoke to him I know not what ; but he took no notice of what I said, and remained in the same attitude as before. He stood some minutes in that posture, then turned and walked towards the door. He paused as he went ;—he returned a second time : I could observe his lips move as he looked ; but the voice they would have uttered was lost. He attempted going again ; and a third time he returned as before :—I saw him wipe his cheek ; then covering his face with his hands, his breast heaving with the most convulsive throbs, he flung out of the room.

THE

THE CONCLUSION.

H E had hinted that he should like to be buried in a certain spot near the grave of his mother. This is a weakness ; but it is universally incident to humanity : it is at least a memorial for those who survive : for some indeed a slender memorial will serve ; and the soft affections, when they are busy that way, will build their structures, were it but on the paring of a nail.

He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the church-yard, in which there was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on that tree : there was a branch of it, that bent towards us, waving in the wind ; he waved his hand, as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look ! perhaps it is foolish to remark it ; but there are times and places when I am a child at these things.

I sometimes visit his grave ; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand

and homilies ! every nobler feeling rises within me ! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue !—but it will make you hate the world—No : there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing ; but as to the world—I pity the men of it.

F I N I S.



